Lina M. Rockwell
1930.

Out of The Dusk To You

Song with Violin and Cello Obbligato

Words by

Arthur J. Lamb

Music by

Dorothy Lee

Composer of "One Fleeting Hour"

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HIGH
* MEDIUM
LOW

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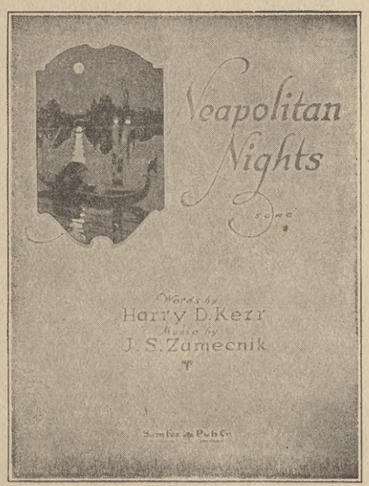
NEAPOLITAN NIGHTS



Twilight is falling in fair Italy,
Stars kiss the sky;
Night stealing near like a soft melody,
Bids day good-bye;
There as I lingered long,
Entered my heart this song:

Nights of romance in a world made of dreams,
Always 'tis June;
Nights that entrance, and forever it seems,
Hearts are in tune;
Softly my reverie
Whispers this melody:

REFRAIN

Oh, nights of splendor,
Your charms so tender
Make love surrender
Till stars are gone;
Oh, nights of laughter,
Though tears come after,
Love's regrets, love forgets
When comes the dawn.
Fair Naples sleeping,
A vigil keeping,
While stars are weeping
As they depart;
Dawn bells are pealing,
While night is stealing
To its nest, lulled to rest
Within my heart.

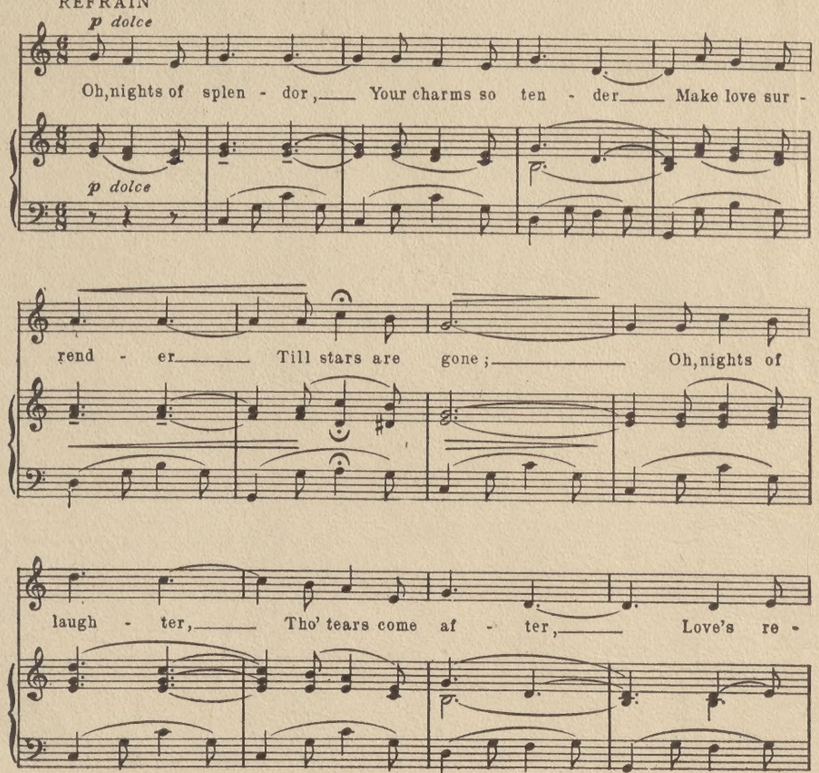
Neapolitan Nights

High F | High Medium E♭ | Low Medium C | Low B♭

Words by
HARRY D. KERR

Music by
J. S. ZAMECNIK

REFRAIN


p dolce
Oh, nights of splen - dor, Your charms so ten - der Make love sur -
p dolce
rend - er Till stars are gone; Oh, nights of
laugh - ter, Tho' tears come af - ter, Love's re -

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Out Of The Dusk To You

Here all alone I wait,
Still the old dreams remain;
Out of the years, filled with my tears,
I search for you once again.
Longing to press your lips,
Pining for joys we knew;
Lonely I stray, seeking the way
Out of the dusk to you.

Here in the twilight gray,
Love, don't you hear me call?
Each sigh a tear, each day a year,
Till you're again all in all.
Out of the mists of pain
Love sends its message true,
Into the light, out of the night,
Out of the dusk to you.

Arthur J. Lamb.

Out Of The Dusk To You

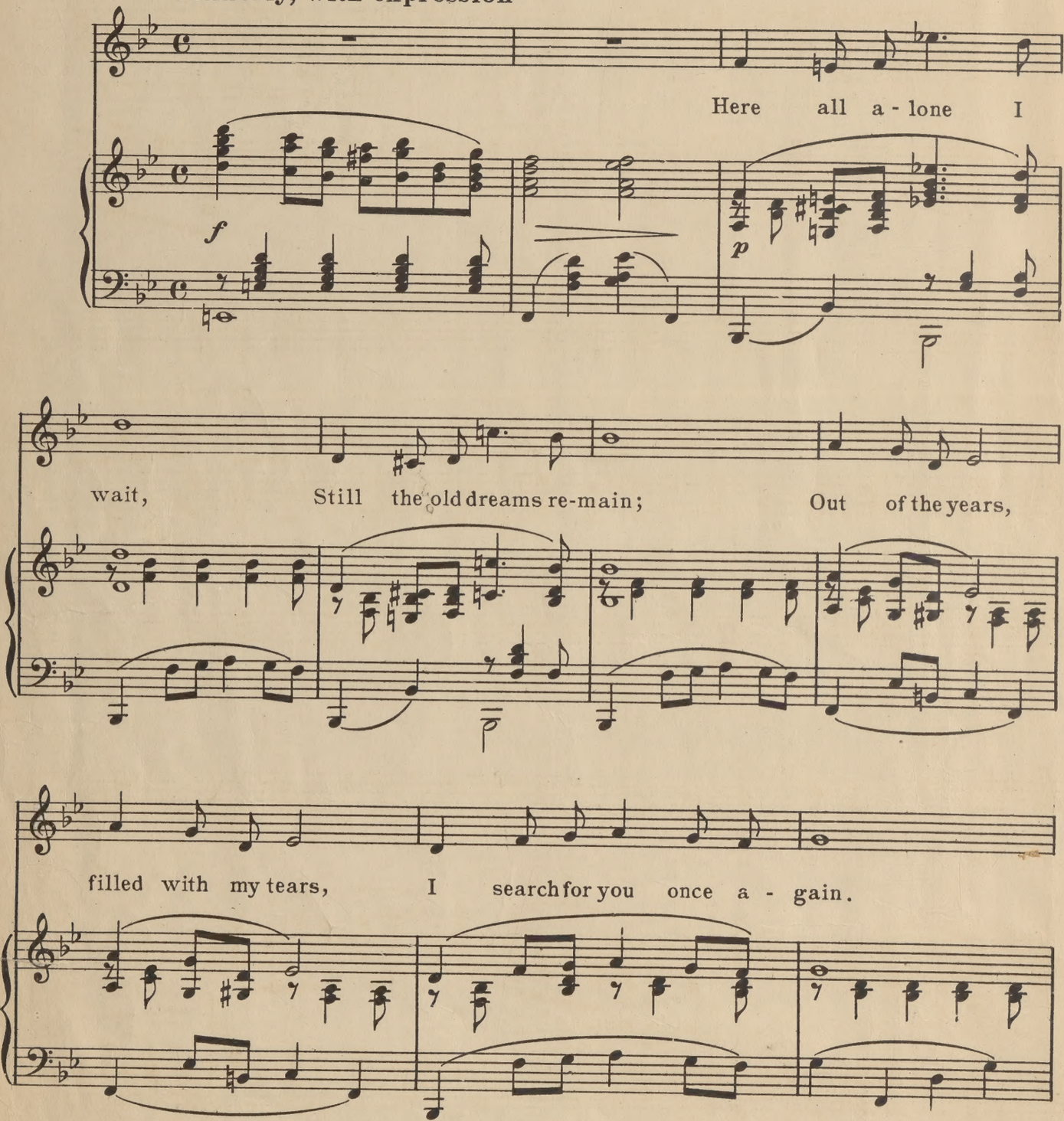
GET THIS SONG
FOR YOUR PLAYER PIANO
OR TALKING MACHINE

High C Medium B♭ Low A♭

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by
DOROTHY LEE

Tenderly, with expression



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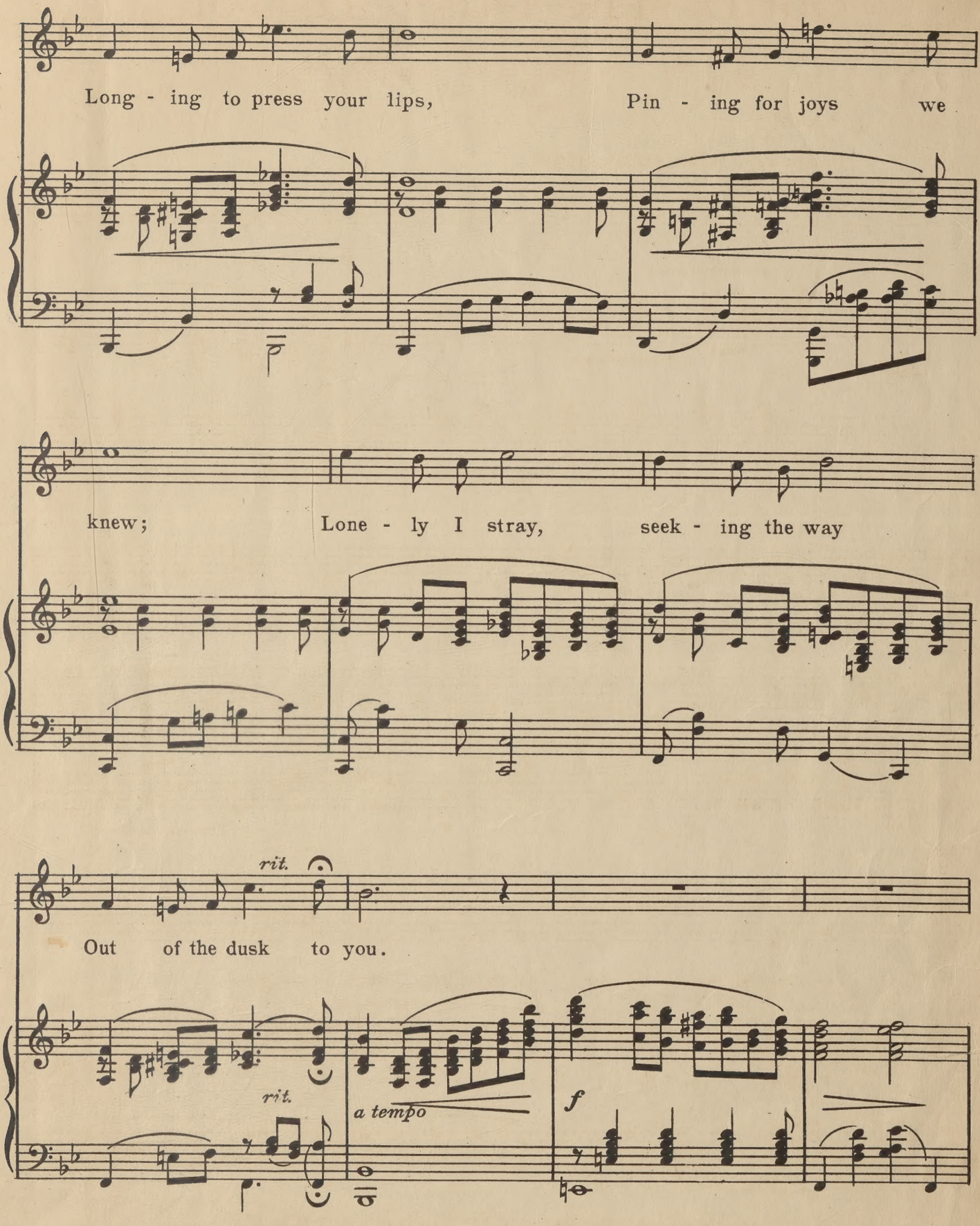
Long - ing to press your lips, Pin - ing for joys we
knew; Lone - ly I stray, seek - ing the way
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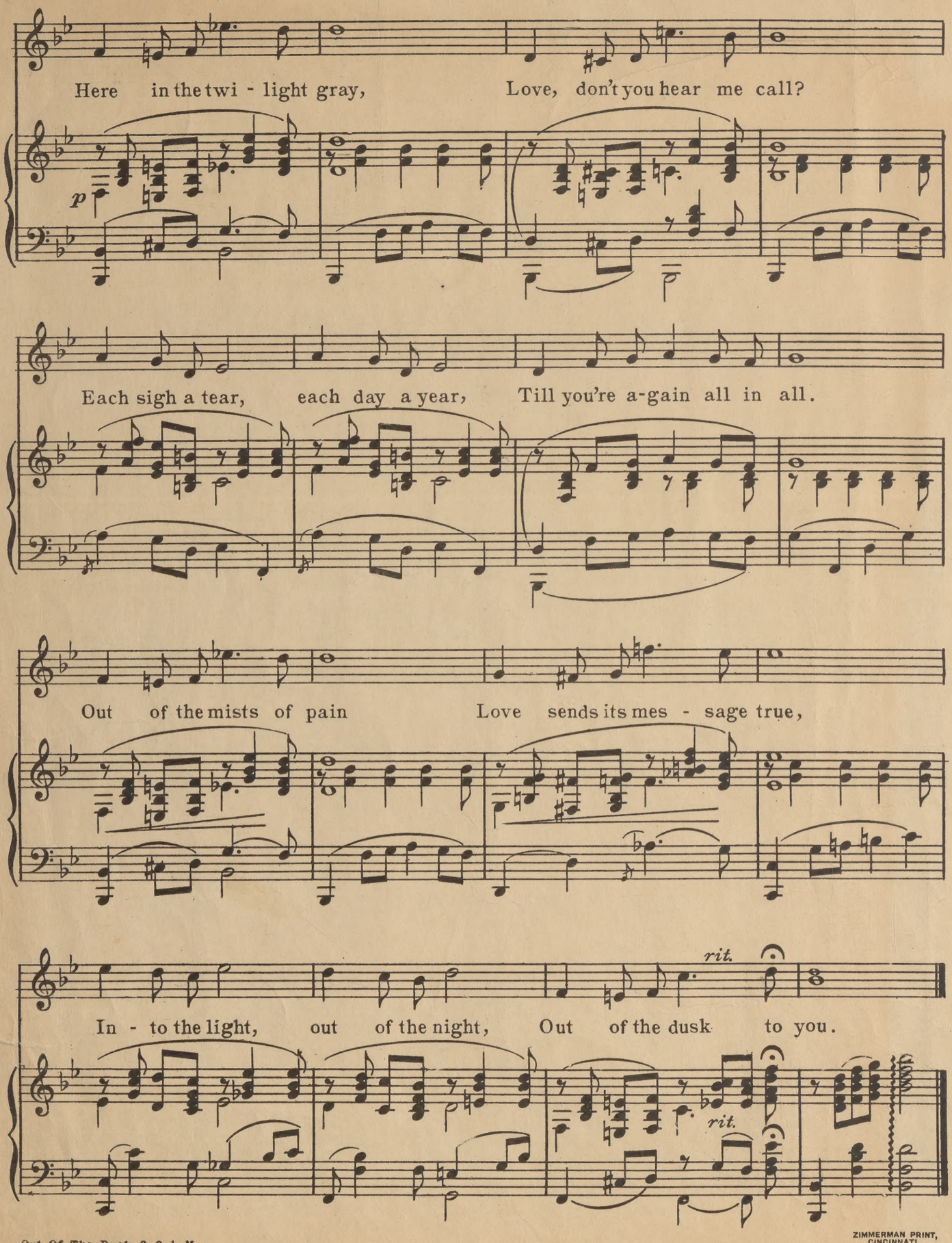
Out of the dusk to you.
rit.
a tempo
f


Here in the twi - light gray, Love, don't you hear me call?
p
Each sigh a tear, each day a year, Till you're a-gain all in all.
Out of the mists of pain Love sends its mes - sage true,
rit.
In - to the light, out of the night, Out of the dusk to you.
rit.

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